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CRIME.

LAW, with respect to moral acts, may be said to take their rise in the sentiments of the majority of mankind. Most men feeling the benefit of possessing property, it is natural for them to declare against all which may tend to deprive them of it otherwise than by their own consent and for their own benefit: hence laws against robbery and theft. Most men being also anxious for the continuance of life, it is not less natural for them to declare against all which may tend to deprive them of that possession: hence laws against assault and murder. All other portions of the criminal jurisprudence of nations could in like manner be traced to what is the natural strain of the human mind with regard to the particular objects contemplated. The generality of men feel in a particular manner on those points, and they fashion the laws accordingly.

In making the laws, they contemplate the fact that a minority—fortunately at all times and every where a very small minority—are liable, from natural disposition, from corruption of manners, or from the pressure of circumstances, to act in opposition to the general sentiment. Their object is to prevent such acts, as far as possible, in order that they may each enjoy his own in the greater security. The question remains, by what means may law—that is, regulation by the majority—ensure the most effectual suppression of the dreaded tendencies of the minority.

The first impulse is to inflict punishment—to assign imprisonment, whipping, banishment, for the smaller offences, and death itself for the greater—for it is natural, in a comparatively low moral and intellectual condition, or under strong resentment, to come to the conclusion that one outrageous or cruel act deserves another. At first, it is deemed only fair to repay to the criminal the injuries he has committed, and no one pretends to be animated by any but vindictive views. In time, however, society becomes sufficiently enlightened and humane to be ashamed of such notions, and the same system is then followed under the pretext solely of a wish for the prevention of crime. At length comes a time when the efficiency of the punishing system for this end is questioned, and some begin to surmise that crime might be more thoroughly repressed if society were to take expedients of a much gentler nature.

We—the British nation—have arrived at this stage. It is now generally acknowledged amongst us, that, by extending the moral agencies of religion and education, by taking the outcast, especially of the juvenile class, under protection, and endeavouring to take advantage of the captivity of criminals to work in them a moral reformation, a vast amount of tendency to crime would be at once put an end to. Some go a little further, and see that minor punishments, as imprisonment (in its usual circumstances) and all kinds of personal inflictions, only harden the criminal and fix him in his evil course; while the punishment of death not only puts his reformation entirely out of the question, and is itself a horrible outrage upon all benevolent feeling, but tends to brutalise rather than to work any improvement in society. Still these persons are much perplexed by old prejudices on this subject, and generally express great difficulty as to the total abolition of punishment. They feel as if it would be rash to trust their protection from murder, and some of the other higher crimes, to anything but the terrors of the rope. Possibly some remnant of the generally disowned vindictive feeling mingles itself with the views of this class, unconsciously to themselves, and helps to indispose them for receiving the

full light. On the present occasion, taking it for granted that much tendency to crime might be anticipated by moral agencies, we shall address ourselves to the difficulties which are still generally felt with regard to the giving up of punishment (as such) in the case of actual offenders.

Criminals are of three leading orders—those who act under the influence of temporarily pressing circumstances; those who are depraved by a bad moral atmosphere; and those who do evil in obedience to the promptings of natural inclinations. Supposing that a reformatory system were adopted with all, we have to consider what would be its probable effect, in the first place, on the criminals themselves, and, in the second place, in the way of preventing crime in others.

There cannot be a doubt that those who have committed crime under the influence of some transient temptation, would require but little of a reformatory discipline to fit them for going back into society. In their case, generally, exposure would act as a severe punishment, and the chief difficulty would be to prevent them from being made worse by the sense of degradation. If such be the case, we cannot doubt that the very fear of the notice of the law would serve to prevent crime in this class, as far as any warning can be supposed to operate to that effect.

With regard to those who are depraved by a bad moral atmosphere, it may be safely predicated that they would be restored to virtue whenever as great a power had been exerted to correct and improve, as had previously been exercised to corrupt and pervert. The experience of all humane prison systems goes to prove, with respect to this class, that they are more willing to be good than bad, when made fully sensible of the evil of their former courses, and shown a means of living thereafter in innocence. It is but natural that this should be the case. The whole social world is constituted on the principle of making the innocent course alone agreeable, and introducing uneasiness, vexation, annoyance unspeakable, wherever there is an attempt to pursue a contrary career. How, then, should a fairly constituted mind not be disposed to prefer a virtuous life, if at all practicable! It would only be wonderful if the case were otherwise.

Supposing criminals of this class to be put under the wholesome restraint and discipline of a right reformatory system, what would be the effect upon others of the same class as yet free to follow vicious courses? Unquestionably, as we think, it would have any thing but the effect of encouraging them in wickedness. In this class, vice is only supported by the contemplation of vice. Debauchery and whimsical figurative language encourage it, but it shrinks from the idea of being subjected to sober moral influences. It would regard the quiet of the reformatory cell, the monotonous labour, and the discipline of the parson and schoolmaster, with horror, until the time perchance arrived when it was to experience the benefit of being subjected to them. Those who know criminals best would, we believe, be the readiest to own that they would be more ready, while in freedom, to scoff at the lash or the gallows, than at the tame but wholesome kind of life led in the reformatory.

It is also to be remarked, with regard to this class, that it is that which mainly constitutes what may be called the standing army of criminals. It is a definite and well-marked portion of the community, capable of being reduced in numbers, if not altogether extinguished, by the seclusion of the individuals composing it. Its being kept up in its present force is mainly to be ascribed to the penal system, for, when one is taken up, sharply punished, and set free again, he immediately returns to his place in the ranks, probably a

much more dangerous person than before. If, instead of some transient punishment, he were subjected to a reformatory discipline, he would be one lost to the corps and regained for society. The utter extinction of the class, for the time being, would apparently depend simply on the seclusion of old members being conducted more expeditiously than the enlisting of new ones.

We have here directly addressed the sense which society may be supposed to have of its own interest. But we may also argue the case on the plea of justice, having faith that nothing which is not just can be in the main expedient. If all well-constituted minds are equally liable to sudden temptation—and this is a proposition which few will gainsay—how can it be consistent with justice for those who have chanced to be exempt therefrom to fall upon the one unfortunate being in whose hands evil has chanced to fall? If it be in the course of providence that some, through no demerits of their own, are exposed to vitiating contacts, and others not, can it be just in those who are not to inflict vengeance on those who are! Many a good man, in consenting to a punishment being inflicted upon some ill-fated fellow-creature, who, if placed in his own circumstances, might have been as innocent as he, must have felt the secret monitor whispering that it was scarcely just. Nothing but the sophistication of wrong doctrines could steel a humane or just bosom against such whisperings. If the more fortunate were to take the less under his care, and endeavour to amend him, and fit him for doing better in future, he would be acting in the spirit of a true brotherly love; but to lay the hand of vengeance upon him is manifestly to act in the spirit of one of the rudest tendencies of our nature. The very habit of acting under such motives must have a degrading and corrupting tendency on society itself.

We now come to consider the class consisting of persons who have natural inclinations of a kind tending to the commission of crime. It may well be supposed that we have here arrived at the most difficult part of the question; yet we hope to show that it is not incapable of a solution consistent with humane views of criminal jurisprudence.

This class comprehends two sorts of persons considerably different from each other, though the difference does not tell much in the result. One set have brains perfectly healthy; the other have diseased brains.

The public of late years have heard much of the heads of criminals being observed by the disciples of Dr Gall to be disproportionately large in the posterior, and small in the upper and anterior portions, supporting the views of that philosophical school with regard to different parts of the brain being endowed with different functions, and seeming to prove that the impulses towards crime reside in the part of the head behind the ear. Of the fact that an immense majority of the criminals of the class under our notice have heads of this general form, there can, we believe, be as little doubt as there may be with respect to any other philosophical truth established by extensive observation. But that we are therefore to conclude that nature herself produces ready-made criminals, does not seem to us so clear. Our best feelings revolt from such a conclusion, and with good reason, for the idea is inconsistent with all that we know of the designs of the Author of nature. How, then, are we to reconcile with these designs the admitted fact, that there are brains which more readily fall into crime than others? Simply on this principle, that in the business of the world there is much rough work to be done, many coarse obstacles to be overcome, many noxious things,

or things which, in their degree, or the circumstances in which they exist, become noxious, to be put an end to, or thrust aside. There is need for the butcher, the pioneering back-woodsman, the exterminator of vermin, as well as for the gentle scholar and the ingenious artist. The gross brains may be supposed to have been fashioned for the performance of duties like these; and, with a right system of social arrangements, they would be solely applied to such purposes, and, expending their energy thereon, be innocent with regard to all other things. This is a view which may any day be subjected to the test of experiment. Take any man with destructive tendencies, such as generally become criminals, and, putting a proper instrument into his hand, set him to the clearing away of brushwood, and he will be found at the end of his task to be much tamed. The enormous superabundant energy given him by his large posterior lobe will have exhausted itself, and he will be as happy and peaceable as an ordinary tradesman at the end of his day's traffic. The master of a Deaf and Dumb Institution in America, who was troubled with an inmate whom nothing could keep from breaking furniture out of pure mischief, set him at length to the cutting up of wood for firing in the cellar, and thus effectually subdued the inclination. It may be held, then, as a chance misapplication of this class of brains, when crime is wrought by them. Society ought to keep these persons employed in such a way and under such circumstances, as to save them from the risk of expending their energies criminally, and it would then not suffer from them. For the finely poised moral brains to take the coarse and ill-balanced ones by the nape, and punish them for what is to them as natural as it is for the good brains to dictate the most generous acts, appears such an anomaly, that we altogether despair of finding terms that can be fitly applied to it.

With regard to those who come to crime through insanity or disease of brain, the law itself recognises that the cause should serve as an excuse for the offence; but far too narrow views are taken with respect to the manifestations of insanity. Unless the criminal show an utter intellectual incoherence, the plea of insanity does not hold. Now, there is not only an insanity which shows itself in confusion of ideas and imbecility of conduct, but there is also an insanity of the moral faculties, or of some one or more of them, while no confusion or weakness is betrayed by the intellect. Examples occur every day of persons of perfectly sound intellect, and whose circumstances place them above all need, being totally unable to restrain themselves from appropriating trifles not their own. Mrs May Drummond, a Quaker lady of such enthusiastic benevolence that she preached through all England to raise money for the building of an infirmary in Edinburgh, could not help pocketing silver spoons at the houses of her friends. So also there are instances of individuals who, while performing all the ordinary functions of civil life, become possessed with an uncontrollable desire to commit murder. In 1805, a man was tried at Norwich for wounding his wife and cutting his child's throat. So clear was his intellect up to the time of the offence, that he had tied his arms with ropes for a week to prevent himself from doing mischief to himself and others. Georget mentions the case of a woman who consulted him with regard to an irresistible propensity which she felt to kill her children—an inclination for which she abhorred herself, but which she was nevertheless unable to control, so that she had to fly from her house to avoid doing the contemplated deed. Many similar cases might be adduced, but for our desire of being brief. From want of distinction on these points, many culprits are subjected to condign punishment, who, under a more enlightened code, would be considered as only moral invalids—many a man has been put to death by an association of sane deliberate persons, merely because of an undue determination of blood to some particular part of his brain. A rheumatism is pitted; consumption brings all the charities of life round the bed of the sufferer. But if a small part of his brain goes out of order, and he consequently offends against the laws, the people in a sound state instantly fall upon him without mercy, and put him scientifically out of existence. There is an obvious need for more enlarged views as to the plea of insanity. An acknowledgment of the possibility of moral derangement independent of the intellect, is, above all things, and in the first place, necessary.

For the whole of the third class of criminals, the humane system proposes the same treatment as for the two other classes. It is held to be a duty of society, in the first place, to take a charge of those whose brains, whether from a disproportionate natural endowment or from disease, put them into more than the usual likelihood of committing crime. If this care fails, and an offence is committed, it is the duty of society to take the culprit more strictly in charge, to use every means for the correction and improvement of his nature, and not again to place him at freedom so long as there is any reason to fear for his conduct. In the measures taken for his cure, there would be enough to deter others of his own class from committing crime, so far as they are capable of being operated upon by terror. A whole man would greatly dislike being drugged and blithered as a sick one; just so would any of the persons we allude to look with alarm to the treatment employed in curing his brethren.

These views involve so much of what is novel to

most, that they will be generally read with a considerable degree of hesitation. Yet they have also some experience on their side. In Belgium, where capital punishments were in the course of gradual abolition during ten years subsequent to the last peace, there was in that time a proportionate decrease of the crimes which had formerly been visited with capital punishment. It may take long time to bring the influential classes of our own country to adopt the same plan; but the increasing humanity and sound judgment of the people make its ultimate adoption certain. Happy times will it be for those who live when society can have the magnanimity to refrain from the instant punishment of its erring members, and when the lash, the fetter, and the rope, shall be exchanged for the infinitely more powerful chastisement of a moral discipline and the soothing measures of a kind physician!

STRAY CHAPTERS FROM MY JOURNALS.

BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, R.N., F.R.S.

THE DESCENT.

NEXT to the curious aspect of the clouds, spread out at the distance of more than a mile below us, and the strange bird's-eye view of the islands, peeped at through holes from aloft, and surrounded by a polished, waveless, glass-like sea, I think the most striking circumstance was the great apparent elevation of the horizon—a singular deception, which admits, I think, of a simple explanation. The angle subtended at the eye, by the space between the horizon of the sea and the nadir or point directly under our feet, though, in strictness, it be the same, or nearly the same, as that between the horizon and the zenith, appears to the senses, under ordinary circumstances, to be much smaller. But when we ascend to great elevations, the immense distance to which the bounding line of our view is carried off, has the natural effect of appearing greatly to augment the angle between our nadir and the horizon. Consequently, the first impulse of the senses is to ascribe this change of appearance to the cause most familiar to us; that is, to an actual elevation of the horizontal line, as in the case of mountain scenery viewed from a distance. When standing, therefore, on the top of Tenerife, we felt as if we had been placed in the centre of a great bowl, the brim of which, at the distance of a hundred and forty miles, seemed to be turned up some thousands of feet. Such was the appearance of things; but only the appearance; for the dip or depression of the horizon incident to the curvature of the earth, when viewed from the Peak being nearly 2 degrees (strictly 1 degree 57 minutes), the truth of the matter is the very reverse of what it appears to be; since the horizon, instead of being raised, is really a good deal lower than when seen from inferior levels.

I had carried with me Dr Wollaston's dip-sector, an instrument devised by that ingenious philosopher, for the purpose of measuring the amount by which the visible horizon is actually depressed below the horizontal plane passing through the observer's eye. I found, however, that the edge of the sea, when removed to such a vast distance, was much too indistinct to admit of accurate observation in a reflecting instrument. Possibly at some other hour of the day—just before sunrise or just after sunset—the horizon might be sufficiently sharp and well-defined to allow of the reflected and direct images being brought into line, which is the object aimed at in this delicate and rather difficult observation. I would therefore strongly recommend future observers to repeat experiments which might be attended with more success, and could not fail, if carefully made, to afford some curious and perhaps some useful results. It would probably turn out, for example, that the horizon was differently elevated at one place from what it was at another; and that, instead of being, as it appears to the senses, a uniform circle lying in one plane, it forms a curve, waving up and down according to the different states of temperature and density in the strata of the atmosphere through which the rays from the horizon pass to the eye. A zenith sector, carefully levelled and fixed on the top of the Peak, with its telescope directed to the horizon, and then swept gradually round, would accomplish the purpose still better, as will be obvious to persons accustomed to the use of these two instruments. The dip sector, by its nature, makes use of the two opposite parts of the horizon; and the assumption is that these parts are both similarly and equally affected by atmospheric refraction, which may be quite contrary to fact. But in using an altitude and azimuth circle, or any instrument moving truly on a vertical axis, the different degrees of elevation of the different parts of the horizon (if any existed) would be readily detected.

The thermometer, during our stay on the Peak, never fell below 69 degrees, and it rose occasionally above 70 degrees. The wind, during the whole time we were at the top, blew from the south-west, exactly in the opposite direction to that of the trade-wind

below; and although this is exactly what theory and many analogous observations would have led us to expect, still it proved almost as interesting, and in some respects more so, to find that the actual facts were consistent with antecedent reasoning, as if they had been different. It ought ever to be remembered, that there is such a wonderful uniformity in the operations of nature, that we may always count upon the same phenomena recurring when the circumstances are alike; and therefore, when we find such confirmations of theory as that above noticed, we may safely lay them up in store as certain truths rightly deduced, and freely proceed to the investigation of others. So long, however, as actual observation has not confirmed the truth of even the most plausible, and, as it might seem, self-evident hypothesis, there can be no absolute certainty.

The wind was quite light and balmy, and all the clouds lay very still, except here and there where a very slight motion among their parts could be perceived. Over the islands of Gomera, Lanserota, Ferro, and the Grand Canary, the stratum of clouds rose somewhat higher, or was bulged up a little, and occasionally broken and rolled up, as it were, which gave the places under which those islands rested less the appearance of a level country covered with snow, than belonged to the other parts of this aerial landscape, if that term may be used. As the sun gained a higher altitude, these openings or peep-holes through the clouds became wider, and we observed a singular and beautiful appearance which they assumed. The upper stratum of clouds remained, as already described, nearly horizontal; the next layer, though it appeared to be detached at a considerable distance, lay also horizontally, the connexion being maintained between the two by some mysterious vertical bars or rays of semi-transparent clouds, of exceeding delicacy in their structure, and bright in colour. From this second stratum there hung down, in vast festoons nearly to the water, as it appeared to us (though possibly this may have been merely a deception), a thin volume of clouds, of irregular shapes, strangely diversified with lights and shades, according to their own peculiar form, and to the situation and magnitude of the higher clouds interposed between them and the sun's rays. These appearances were modified at some places by reflections from the sea, in such a manner as greatly to augment their picturesque effect. Some of these drooping or ringlet-shaped clouds being suspended over a part of the ocean which happened to lie quite smooth like a mirror, the reflected images of the clouds seemed to prolong the festoons downwards, but in so confused a way, that at some places we could scarcely tell which was cloud and which water, nor distinguish where the reflections commenced. It also occurred to us that the images which we saw in the water might be reflected from something lying underneath the stratum of clouds above which we stood, and which consequently was concealed from our direct view. To these varieties there was no end; and all the distances being great, and the whole scene totally new, we could employ no scale to measure the perspective by, or to tell us properly what we were looking at.

On turning from these beautiful objects in the distance, so evanescent and uncertain in their nature, and directing our eyes to the more solid scenery of the actual volcano lying at our feet, as different a set of phenomena as it is possible to conceive, presented themselves. We could discover the birthplaces, and trace the courses, of a great many eruptions of lava. Some of these appeared merely to have oozed out of the sides of the mountain, in so viscid a state as soon to have become stagnant. Some had evidently flowed along at a brisk rate, and in a state of fusion so thin as to enable them to surmount all the intervening obstacles, and to proceed over hills and dales, and right across older streams of lava, in straight lines, just as mountain torrents of water do when swollen by sudden inundations. Others, again, more gentle in their course, probably from the supply of molten matter being smaller, had followed the inclination of the ground, and in place of dashing over the tops of the hills, or other obstacles on their path, had consented to find a way round them. The colour, magnitude, shape, length, and inclination of these streams of lava, were very dissimilar. The difference in colour was no doubt partly caused, though I suspect only in part, by the difference of the time which may have elapsed between the epochs in which they had flowed respectively. It was evident, indeed, on examining closely some of these streams, which were composed of the same ingredients, that in the lapse of ages some had acquired slight coatings of lichen, while some bore only certain incipient traces of decomposition which precede this scanty vegetation. Besides this cause of difference in their external tints, there occurred great differences in the actual nature of the lavas themselves. Some exhibited, when broken, a black grain, others a dark grey, and many approached to a dirty red. These varieties in the component parts of the lavas flowing from the same mountain would seem to point to some deep-seated and wide-spread source of the volcanic agency lying far within the bowels of the earth, and hid, as it might seem, from mortal ken. The geologist's line and plummet, however, may yet reach the bottom: by patient observation, chastised by an honest course of philosophical induction, he may well hope to arrive at the laws which regulate many of the interior operations of our planet.

* On the subject of this paper we would recommend to general attention a recent pamphlet entitled "Criminal Jurisprudence Considered in Relation to Mental Organisation." By M. B. Sampson. London: Samuel Highley, Fleet Street. The arguments in the above paper relative to diseased brains are a condensation of Mr Sampson's views. We claim as originating with ourselves those respecting the final cause of what has come to be called the criminal type of head.

This hope is surely not more extravagant, on the score of geology, than were the expectations of Galileo and others in the infancy of astronomy. The telescope, and the differential calculus, aided by years of careful observation, have made us familiar with the daily and almost hourly proceedings of bodies, so many millions upon millions of leagues off, as to be quite unseen by vulgar eyes. The time was, when the observer of the heavens was quite as much laughed at for gazing at the stars as geologists now are for peering into the earth, and for the same reason. Their inquiries are totally unintelligible to the mass of mankind, and consequently, and very naturally, classed among the useless pursuits by which idle men seek to kill time. By a sort of popular compromise, astronomy has of late years been made subservient to the money-making purposes of commerce, and people now look upon the pursuit as one of utility. In the same way, since the geologists have very adroitly shown that their investigations may assist miners, road-makers, and coal-heavers, the public—who always most confidently fancy they are leading the way, when they are most palpably led by the nose—have agreed to consider geology not quite so preposterous a pursuit as it was held to be at first.

It is by no means, however, to be expected that, in any age of the world, society in general will come to understand fully how much real value attaches to purely speculative knowledge. And the reason is plain enough. To appreciate such attainments properly, their acquaintance must be made either in person or by proxy. We must either be astronomers ourselves, and actually fix our eyes at the telescope, catch the beat of the clock, and record the observation; or we may become personally acquainted with astronomers, and by "sucking their brains," as it is called, enjoy the results of their knowledge without the labour of study. We may either take hammer in hand, and dive into mines or scale mountain-tops, or we may do these things entirely by proxy; and without wearing out our shoe-leather in actual excursions over the rugged fretworks of a volcano, or wearing and tearing our intellects in the formation of theories to account for the revolutions which have taken place in the earth's surface, we may always find qualified people to instruct our ignorance, and to impart to us, as we sit snug on our chairs, the cream of their laborious researches. As the number of persons who come to an acquaintance with such subjects by any means, is necessarily very small in comparison to the whole mass of society, they must lay their account with having their favourite pursuit turned into ridicule, by those who, having either not leisure enough or not taste enough, are quite ignorant of the subject.

At the base of the large, rudely-shaped, conical mountain, which is surmounted by the piton, or small cone of ashes on which we now stood, we could perceive, on the south, the east, and on the north-east, an immense irregular plain, varying from three or four to perhaps ten or twelve miles broad. The average height of this plain, above the sea, is between eight and nine thousand feet. I make use of the word plain, not that it is level, but because that word best describes this step or break in the great mountain; and it really may be called a plain, when compared with the excessive irregularity of the disturbed districts lying all round. Its surface, however, is neither smooth nor level, but is seamed over in the most remarkable and instructive manner by huge torrents of lava, interspersed among the windings of which are numerous small craters, near the tops of which we could observe hillocks or cones of cinders and ashes. Down the sides of most of these minor peaks, one or more enormous streams of lava had flowed, to a distance out of all proportion, as it seemed, with the diminutive parent cones which gave them birth. Some of these huge volcanic serpents, after having crossed the plain and reached the edge of the precipice, had flowed right over, in vast cascades, terminating in long winding currents, reaching to the sea, and possibly flowing far under the waves. This great elevated plain, where it happened not to be burst up by the minor craters and cones above mentioned, or where it was not intersected by streams of lava, was every where covered, apparently, with a coating of pumice-stones, the snowy whiteness of which, compared with the jet black of the adjacent lavas, produced a contrast as remarkable, though in a different order, as that between the pale blue glaciers of the Alps and the wooded sides or the cultivated bottoms of the Swiss valleys.

This pumice plain at Teneriffe is flanked, on the north-east, the east, and the south-east, by an abrupt high cliff, composed evidently of regular strata of lava and tufa. This steep face seems to be concentric with, or to face the great Peak all round, as far as it extends; and in this and other respects it resembles the well-known Monte Somma of Vesuvius. Its origin, too, is probably the same. It may be the remnant of a more ancient volcanic mountain, which, in some remote epoch of the world, antecedent to the existence of the present Peak, with all its attendant craters, streams of lava, and showers of pumice, rose up to, or it may have been higher, than the summit as we now see it, towering far above the clouds.*

* Since the above description was written, I have visited the celebrated Val del Bove on the east side of Mount Etna; and I have no doubt of the identity of the two cases as volcanic phenomena. That the Val del Bove was formed by the subsidence of the side of that part of the mountain which now forms the floor of the vast hollow space so called, I think Mr. Lyell has proved in the most satisfactory manner. And I feel assured that the same reasoning would fit the case of the pumice plain of Teneriffe.

The present Peak is probably running the same course with its predecessor, of which we see such magnificent remains. Eruptions break out from time to time from its sides, occasionally near the top, but generally lower down. These openings send forth streams which flow over the ancient currents, fill up the valleys, and obliterate all the minor cones in their way; in short, gradually swell out the mountain, by the application of fresh coatings of lava, scoriae, and ashes. While this is going on, the great crater is probably vomiting forth smoke, ashes, and pumice-stones, or deluging the sides of the island with torrents of boiling mud, which in due season become so hard, that the red-hot lavas which flow over them bake them in strata of tufa.

The pent-up vapours within the breast of the volcano, besides projecting these varied materials, possess sometimes force enough to rend the mountain across, and the cracks formed by such heavings are of course instantly filled up by the fluid lava supplied from within. When these walls or dykes, filling the rents, are consolidated, they form ribs, or rather plates, of solid rock, bracing the whole fabric firmly together, and rendering a superior degree of expansive force necessary at each successive eruption, to tear the mountain open again.

We did not explore the interior of the crater, but satisfied ourselves with clambering along the wall or parapet by which it is enclosed. The sulphurous vapours which rose from it, as well as the numerous little jets of steam from crevices near the top of the cone, indicated plainly enough that, although this volcano has slumbered for a long time, he keeps his matches lighted, and is probably all ready for action at a moment's warning. It is very pleasant to speculate on geological phenomena in the actual presence of such a panorama of facts, while the ground is actually hot under our feet, and fumes from the very furnaces are filling our nostrils. But we could not remain long, and turned to come away only half satisfied, feeling but too distinctly that we were doing no justice whatever to such a subject, and ashamed to think how little we had profited by an opportunity so fertile in materials for inquiry.

We came down the side of the cone, or piton, at a great rate. No one appeared the least afraid of falling, and some of the party ran down the whole way. I had forgot to mention, that before we quitted the top of the Peak, we succeeded, boy fashion, in rolling over several great rocks as big as a millstone; and it almost made us shudder to notice the furious velocity they acquired in their descent. The grand sight, however, was the prodigious crash with which, after having descended along the steep face of the cone about six hundred perpendicular feet, they were driven against the cliffs below, and shivered not merely into small pieces, but dissipated in a sort of cloud of powder, high into the air, and far over the ground to the right and left. I tried, with perfect success, on the steep face of ashes, the plan taught me by the guides of Mont Blanc, how to slide, or *glisser*, as they call it, down the snow, by help of a baton or pole, about six feet long. This is held by both hands, one being high up and near the top, the other grasping the pole within about a foot of the lower extremity. The spike with which the end is armed, being thrust into the snow, is kept somewhat higher up the bank than the traveller's feet. As it is thus quite easy to increase or diminish the amount of friction, by raising or depressing the upper end of the pole, it is quite safe to descend along a loose surface so steep that a goat would hardly attempt to come down. The only danger we were exposed to, was from the stones dislodged by the feet of those of the party who were highest up, rolling down on those below them.

On our recrossing the Mal Pays, we turned a little to one side, nearly at the centre of this rugged bit of rocky ground, to examine a very curious cave half-filled with ice: The temperature without was upwards of 70 degrees of Fahrenheit; but, though the sun shone directly into the cavern, the snow, which was lying in pyramidal heaps on the bottom, did not appear to be melting. I also particularly remarked, that on the surface of the pool of water surrounding these piles of snow, there floated a thin coating of ice, apparently in the act of forming. Not above a couple of hundred yards from this natural ice-house, we had found as natural a tea-kettle, that is to say, a crevice in the rock emitting steam at the boiling-pitch.

As this cavern lies far below the limit of perpetual snow in the latitude of Teneriffe, Humboldt supposes that the continuance of the snow throughout the summer depends upon the mass which is drifted into the cave during winter. Be this as it may, it renders good service in its way, as the inhabitants of Oratava, and other places at the foot of the mountain, derive from it their supplies of snow during the hot season. Truly, it gives a good idea of the value of a luxury, when people send for it to the height of eleven thousand feet!

We reached the Estancia de los Ingleses again at noon, having employed between nine and ten busy hours in our excursion from that resting-place to the Peak, and back again. After an hour's repose we set out once more; and in crossing the pumice plain, were almost roasted alive by the heat reflected from the white stones, so that we were not sorry to plunge again into the very same stratum of clouds which we had quitted the evening before with so much glee. We found it occupying exactly the same position, as to height above the sea, in which we had left it, with

the rain streaming from it, as from a squeezed sponge, exactly as we had seen it the day before.

On reaching the port, we learned, to our great surprise, that it had never ceased raining, although, when we were at the top of the Peak, we had enjoyed the most delightful, clear, and dry weather, without a cloud above us, and with a temperature the most genial.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

NINTH ARTICLE.—ROYAL POETRY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

In the sixteenth century, a number of the French monarchs, and other personages of the blood-royal, cultivated the art of poetry; and, in some instances, with considerable success. Of the powers of a few of these high-stationed songsters, the reader may judge for himself from the specimens of verse which follow.

Marguerite de Valois, one of the most eminent of the royal poets of France, was the daughter of Charles d'Orleans, Duke of Angouleme. She was born in 1492, and was twice married, the Duke of Alençon being her first, and Henry, King of Navarre, her second husband. Her grandson by the last marriage was the celebrated Henri Quatre. She was a liberal patroness of literature and learning, and conferred lustre both on herself and Navarre by giving an asylum at her court to Calvin, Erasmus, Marot, and other sufferers from the persecuting spirit of the age. The talents of this princess gained for her, in many a song, the names of the tenth Muse and the fourth of the Graces. But her brother, Francis I., whom she fondly loved, and to whom she herself was equally dear, gave her the less pedantic and more pleasing name of his *Marguerite des Marguerites* (Pearl of Pearls). A little poem, in which she shows the depth of her affection for her brother, is selected on the present occasion for translation: it seems to have been written when she was in expectation of a meeting with the ailing monarch.

ON THE ILLNESS OF FRANCIS I.

Render a whole great people blest,
O God, our only hope and stay!
He whom of all thou lovest best,
In pain and sickness plies away.
In thee alone he hath his trust,
Our David in all truth is he;
His sense of thee is full and just,
And while he lives, he lives in thee.
For every grace and every gift,
To thee the glory still he gives;
And thus our hands in hope we lift,
That his remembrance with thee lives:
Since of thy chastening cup of pain
Thou hast been pleased to make him taste,
To end our grief, let nature gain
A conquest o'er his life at last.
Longings, and hopes, and anxious fears,
Forbid me now at ease to rest;
One hour appears an hundred years;
My litter, although onward prest,
Seems not to stir, or to go back.
So far before my fancy flies!
Alas! how tedious is the track,
When at its close our pleasure lies!
I gaze around on every side,
To see if no one comes in view—
Still praying that our heavenly Guide
Would with new health my king endue;
When nought I see, the fresh tears flow,
And then upon this blotted page
Part of my sorrow I bestow:
Such sad tasks now my thoughts engage.
Oh! he warm welcome shall obtain,
Who, knocking at my chamber door,
Shall say "Our king bath come again,
Strengthen'd and healthy as before!"
His sister, raised as if from death,
To kiss that messenger shall speed,
Who bears the tidings on his breath,
That from all ill her king is freed!

Arrived nearly at the venerable age of eighty, Marguerite de Valois died in 1569. Her preserved pieces are not numerous. They are certainly elegant for the age, and indicative of a tender heart and reflective mind. But the great glory of this princess rests on the good which she conferred on her people and the world at large, by her prudent rule, and her practical advocacy of the cause of religious toleration.

Francis I. of France was, like his sister, a cultivator of the Muses. He was a prince, it is scarcely necessary to tell the reader, of very considerable abilities, and liberally patronised the letters and arts of his day. A sort of heroic or epic poem on his own Italian campaigns, which terminated in his capture, and "loss of all but honour" (to use his own words), at the battle of Pavia, constitutes, we believe, his principal poetical production. A lyrical piece, however, better suits our present purpose.

BALLAD BY FRANCIS I.

I by my lattice stood alone,
And saw, one morn at break of day,
Where on my left Aurora shone,
Pointing the sun his upward way;

While on my right I could behold
My mistress comb her locks of gold.
So sweet her looks, so bright her eyes,
That I was forced aloud to say,
"Retreat, immortals, to your skies;
Her beauty must o'er all hold sway."
As when fair Phoebe on the night
Pours out her rich and smiling ray,
And darkling dwells each lesser light,
Bright only when she is away;
So did my fair love's look repress
The sun, and make his radiance less;
And he, in anger, grief, and spite,
Would not to man his face display.
Whereat I cried, "Sun, thou dost right;
Her beauty must o'er all hold sway."
Yet deep the joy I felt at heart,
When once more shone the god of day!
Jealous to see him erst depart,
I deem'd him stricken by love's ray.
And err'd I? No; had she been seen
By mortal, grieved should I have been.
Ought I not then to fear the gods,
And, undervaluing them, to say,
"Retreat, retreat to your abodes;
Her beauty must o'er all hold sway."

Francis, who flourished betwixt the years 1494 and 1547, was succeeded by his son Henry II., inheritor of a portion of his father's taste for poesy and letters. Some fragments of verse composed by him have been preserved. Perhaps these would not have been worthy of noticing, had we not been playing Horace Walpole in an humble way to all these royal and noble poets of France. As the case stands, we give a few lines from Henry to his favourite, Diana of Poitiers.

SONNET.

Oh, my fair princess! never was there sworn
To new-crown'd sovereign a firmer faith,
Than my love is, which nor by time nor death,
From thy possession ever can be torn.
Deep-sunken fesses and strong-bulld towers,
The fortress of my heart requirereth not;
I gave you there a queen's and ruler's powers,
And change can never in that place be wrought.
Through gold its constancy can ne'er depart;
A cause so worthless moves no gentle heart.

Perhaps our next specimen is the most remarkable of all these pieces. Charles IX. succeeded to the throne in 1560, and died in 1574, at the age of twenty-four. His brief reign was signalised only by ill, and chiefly by the dreadful massacre of St Bartholomew. Yet we have indubitable proof that this young sovereign was naturally of gentle inclinations, and a lover of the refined arts. At the early age of fourteen, he addressed the following pointed and intellectual lines, among others, to his friend, Renard, the poet:—

TO RENARD.

Thy spirit is more gay, Renard, than mine,
But, young and strong, my frame excelleth thine;
Although in knowledge I fall thee below,
By as much as my spring excels thy snow.
The poet's art, when fittingly pursued,
More reverently than the monarch's should be view'd.
We both possess a crown; but what I owe
To others, thou on others dost bestow.
Thy spirit, kindled by a spark divine,
Shines of itself, while but through rank I shine.
Inquire I how the gods our merits rate—
Thou art their favourite, I their delegate.
Thy lyre, which pours so ravishing a lay,
Subjects men's minds; bodies alone I sway:
It causeth thee to enter, and to reign,
Where fiercest tyrants ne'er to power attain.
Hearts own its softening way, nor Beauty less:
I can give death to man, thou deathlessness.

These reflections, it will be admitted, coming from a youth of fourteen, and one seated on a great throne in mere childhood, indicate a mind of no common power, and would lead us to the belief, that the dark blot on the reign of Charles is to be ascribed mainly to the evil influence of others on the pliable mind of youth.

Far better known than any of the preceding royal compositions, is a song of Henry IV., a prince too well known in history for his commingled greatness and failings, to require any lengthened notice here. The song is addressed to the "Charming Gabrielle" d'Estrées, and, with the music adapted to it, has long been in universal favour in France. The succinctness and polish of the original are not transferable to another tongue. We confess that a rude draught of it is all which we are able to lay before the reader. The difficulty of the case may apologise for this imperfection, while the great celebrity of the piece must form our excuse for attempting a version at all.

SONG.

Charming Gabrielle,
Pierced by many a dart
Am I, when Glory's knell
Bids me to war depart.
Oh parting most unkind,
Thrice unhappy day!
Can life no ending find,
Or love not cease its way?
Bright planet which I leave,
Leave—oh thought of pain!
But more and more I grieve—
For death or thee again!
Partake with me my crown,
The prize of valour's art;
Through war won with renown,
Hold thou it through my heart.
I would the trumpet's sound
Each moment should repeat,
Till echoes rings around,
These words so sadly sweet:

Parting most unkind,
Oh unhappy day!
Can life no ending find?
Or love not cease its way?

Henry wrote one or two other little pieces, all of which are marked by great felicity of expression, and have long been household words among the French people. A story is told of an early attachment betwixt this prince and a rustic girl, who at the time knew him not to be "Henry of Navarre." The following lines, which are rendered nearly literally, and in the exact measure and rhythm of the original, were probably composed in honour of this mountain-maid:

SONG.

Star of day,
Come, I pray;
Shine, for well I love thy sight;
My own gay
Mountain May
Ruddy is, like thine own light.
Wet with new
Morning dew,
Less of freshness than the rose;
Not ermine
Is so fine;
Not such whiteness new milk shows.
Should his ear
Chance to hear
Her sweet voice, each swain draws nigh;
Then the lute
Growth mute,
And all listen idly by.
Fairest she
Eyes can see;
Form'd her shape for sweet embrace;
Glances fly
From her eye,
Brighter than Aurora's rays.
With divine
Food and wine,
She was fed by Hebe's care;
And her lip,
When I sip,
Savours yet of that blissful fare.

EXPECTANCY.

A STORY.

THERE is an astonishing number of people in the world who pass their lives in expecting something; which something, very commonly, turns out in the end to be nothing. Massey Gordon Lister was a gentleman in this predicament; he was always expecting something, from the day he quitted college to the day he stepped into his grave; which last event he had not expected at all, and for which, it may be reasonably suspected, he was no ways prepared.

Massey Gordon Lister—we give him all his style and titles, for they are the key to his history—Massey Gordon Lister was the son of a clergyman in the north of England, and of a lady, who had the good fortune to be cousin, in various degrees, to several persons of distinction. The Rev. John Lister held the vicarage of Y—, a comfortable little bit of preferment, which had been given to him by one of his wife's great relations; and it certainly was but common justice that she should bring something with her besides her five thousand pounds; for she was a fine lady, a very fine lady indeed, who wanted a great many things, for which her own fortune and the minister's stipend very barely sufficed.

One child only sprung from this union; and the moment little Massey Gordon saw the light, the eagerness of Mrs Lister to ascertain whether she had brought into the world a male or female infant, was inexpressible; and equally beyond expression was her delight at learning that it was a boy; because, as she triumphantly affirmed, she was certain that her friends "would do something for him." We have ventured to speak of him as Massey Gordon at the moment of his birth, because, in point of fact, he was so named long previous to that auspicious event; and, in short, had been endowed with that euphonious appellation at a period when his existence itself was altogether hypothetical. The name was settled on him like an estate, and with every expectation on the part of his mother, that, if not a fortune in itself, it would assuredly prove the source of one; for the Massesys and the Gordons, the connexions after whom he was named, were both rich and powerful families, with all sorts of things to give away, and with parliamentary interest and interest at court into the bargain.

Thus, Massey Gordon Lister was a young gentleman born to the expectation of something; but, as it remained uncertain what that something might be, he was not regularly educated for any thing. It would have been useless to bring him up to the bar, because there the great relations could not so well aid him; neither was it worth while preparing him for the church, when his destiny might be diplomacy or the army. He was, however, sent to school and to college; where, as he had very fair abilities, he might have done well enough, if he had but known in what particular line to direct them; but so great was his uncertainty on that head, that he never could make up his mind to exert them effectively at all. "It would be time enough," he said, "when he saw what he was to be; it was no use cramming his head with things

that might never be of any use to him." He therefore quitted Oxford, and returned to his parents, in due season, with a very fair character, but without having distinguished himself in any branch of study whatever. As a young man at twenty years of age, living at home, having nothing to do, and doing nothing, always appears out of his place—a sort of unhealthy excrecence on the family tree—Mr and Mrs Lister felt much disposed to send him abroad to travel for a couple of years, and the young man was very well inclined to go: it was agreed on all hands that it would be an advantageous way of filling up the interval that might elapse before he got something, and accordingly preparations were made for his departure. But it unfortunately happened, just at this crisis, that one of the most influential of the Gordons, chancing to pass through the village, stopped to take a luncheon at the vicarage; and on hearing what was in contemplation, observed, that he thought it a pity a young man, at Lister's age, should spend two years in wandering over the continent, where he was not likely to learn any thing that would be useful in his future calling. "For my part," said he, "I don't like your travelled puppies. I like a home education."

"But if a young man is intended for the diplomatic line, or for the army," said Mrs Lister, "don't you think seeing foreign countries an advantage?"

"Oh, if you have prospects of that sort for him," replied Mr Gordon, drily, "it alters the case; I was not aware that his future career was determined on."

"Bless me! neither is it," cried Mrs Lister, in alarm; ("for," said she to herself, "I have no doubt he means to do something for him himself; it will never do to let him go away under the persuasion that he is already provided for.") Oh dear, no," added she, "we have no prospects of the sort for him, nor are we wedded to any particular line of life; he has been educated in a way that will enable him, with a little study, to take up any thing that may offer;" and Mr Gordon said, "he thought it very right that a young man should be prepared for any thing that might turn up."

"It is quite evident," said Mrs Lister, when he was gone, addressing her son—"it is quite evident that he means to put you into the church; and that is why he does not approve of your going abroad. His notions are rather strict, I know; and he thinks you may lead a gay life than would be consistent with so serious a destination. We must therefore give up the continental expedition, and wait a little till we see what turns up. In the mean time, I would recommend your devoting your attention to theological studies more than you have hitherto done. My cousin Gordon has some very good preferences in his gift; and, you may rely on it, he will do something for you."

Massey Gordon did rely on it; but time rolled on, year after year slipped by, and nothing came. He had had two or three glimpses of a red coat and a pair of epaulettes, through Sir James Massey, who was a K. C. B., and had great interest at the Horse Guards; and who at one period was depended on to get him a commission; but that hope had failed, and it was now too late to commence a military career. Still diplomacy and the church remained, and Massey Gordon waited with his mouth open for five years more; but he gaped in vain—nothing fell into it. Unfortunately, as time advances people grow older; our hero awoke one morning to the painful conviction that he was thirty years of age, and that he had not yet taken the first step towards providing for himself; and what made this consciousness more painful was, that he was very much in love. The object of his affection was the daughter of a retired officer; and as she had no money herself, it was unreasonable to suppose her father would give her to a man who had nothing to settle on her but expectations. However, on the strength of these expectations, he tried his fortune; and being assured of the young lady's regard, he asked her hand of her father. "It is true, sir," said he, "that my position is not at present such as I could wish to offer Miss Irving; but I have very good prospects—my mother's relations are in a situation to do a great deal; and there is no doubt but they will do something for me; and, in the mean time, my wife will find a home at my father's."

"With respect to prospects, sir," replied Major Irving, "I confess I think a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and I would rather give my daughter to a man that was in the actual possession of five hundred a-year, than to one who had ten thousand depending on a contingency; and as to your relations doing something for you, excuse me for saying, I should think your prospects better if you told me you intended to do something for yourself. If a man will not stir to help himself, I do not see what right he has to expect other people will come to his assistance; and I have observed through life, that there exists very little accordance betwixt the calculations of expectants and the intentions of those who have any thing to give."

This was plain speaking, and the young suitor felt it acutely; but as he could not afford to exhibit his resentment to a person whose good will he was so anxious to cultivate, he gulped it down as well as he could; and merely observed, that "what Major Irving had said was extremely just, but that his situation was peculiar, he being in a position that entitled him to look for something. It would be strange indeed,"

he said, "if, having so many connexions in a situation to do something for him, he should be left without any thing."

"Stranger things than that happen every day, sir," replied Major Irving. "These great relations of yours have probably many other claims on them besides yours—many more, perhaps, than they can satisfy. People are very apt to see nobody in the world but themselves; they forget how many eyes are directed to the same point—how many candidates there are for every thing that's to be given away. Some must be disappointed."

Massey Gordon could not deny the truth of all this; but it was impossible for him, who had been rocked in the cradle of expectation, who had been born and bred to it, to shake himself free of the delusion, and make up his mind to breast the world alone. Not that it was too late; much time had certainly been lost, but energy and a strong purpose can do wonders, especially when these are backed by love. But the fact was, that the habits of indolence and uncertainty in which he had lived, had lowered the tone of his mind; he had fed it upon unsubstantial food and airy hopes, till it was no longer capable of grappling with the realities of life; and although the motive was strong that urged him to exertion, and although Major Irving represented to him that his doing something for himself would not prevent others doing something for him too, if they felt so disposed, yet all his resolutions—for he made resolutions—ended in nothing, at least in nothing effectual. He tried one thing and he tried another; but he always found out, after a little experiment, that the thing, whatever it was, did not suit him—he was not calculated for it—and then he tried something else; all the while, however, keeping his eye on the great relations, who, he firmly believed, would come to his assistance yet.

In the mean while, Jane Irving, who, although she would not marry him without her father's consent, had pledged her faith to him to marry nobody else, remained single, wasting her youth and her best days in expectation, like her lover. As she was both an amiable and a pretty girl, she did not want suitors; and her father would fain have persuaded her to listen to one or other of them; but she had pledged her faith and yielded her heart, and although Gordon himself offered to release her from her engagement when he found how firm her father was, she would not hear of it.

However, it is said every thing would happen at last, if we had only time to wait long enough for it; and, one morning, Massey Gordon rushed into Jane's little drawing-room, with an open letter in his hand: it was from one of the great relations, announcing that a representative in the Ministerial interest was immediately wanted to sit for one of the family boroughs, which had unexpectedly become vacant, and that if he would repair to the spot without delay, he would be nominated.

"But that brings no money with it," said Jane. "You will be no better off than you were before."

"Not immediately, perhaps, I grant you," replied the lover; "but after this they must do something for me; they can't put me into parliament and leave me there without any provision—that would be too bad; besides, now that I have a vote to give them, I shouldn't be surprised if the government does something for me. Our family have always supported the party through thick and thin, and it will be hard if they don't give me something. I am not so ambitious as I was; a nice little place of eight hundred or a thousand a-year, would satisfy all my desires, and yours too, I am sure."

In spite of this gleam of fortune, however, Major Irving would not hear of the wedding. In his opinion, he said, it only made the matter worse; their poverty would sit more ungracefully upon them, from this accession of rank and importance, than it would have done without it; so Massey Gordon took his seat in the house a single man, where he voted vigorously with the ministry for five years, writing regularly twice a-week to Jane, affirming in every letter his absolute certainty of getting something shortly. But, unfortunately, our hero had not the gift of eloquence, nor had he ever given much attention to the science of politics; and by the time he was called to the house, his habits of indolence and inappreciation were too confirmed to admit of his repairing lost time, or qualifying himself to make any figure in his new position. All he could do was to give his silent vote, and support his party on all questions, unflinchingly, whether right or wrong. But, unfortunately, such partisans are too abundant to be much valued; and, at the end of the five years, Massey Gordon was forty, Jane Irving five-and-thirty, the major on his deathbed, the vicar declining, and no more signs of the expected something than there had been twenty years before.

When her father was laid in the grave, Jane Irving found herself with a few hundred pounds and a small pension, both together not sufficient to maintain her in independence as a gentlewoman; she proposed, therefore, to seek the situation of a governess, but her lover would not hear of it. Now that she had no other protector, he claimed her hand, and insisted on her accepting the shelter of his father's roof. The vicar never had had any will of his own since he had married a lady of such high connexions; and although Mrs Lister thought her son might have done better, she did not oppose the match, for both she and Massey Gordon agreed that, when they saw he had a wife to provide for, it was impossible that the family should

longer delay doing something for him. As long as the vicar lived, every thing went on very well; the newly-married pair felt the want of nothing, and would have been very happy, if Jane could have helped asking herself daily, and her husband sometimes, what was to become of them at his father's death. For her own part, she found great difficulty in answering the question, but he found none; for although, it is true, he did sometimes despond a little, yet he always ended by saying, "Depend on it, I shall get something at last. It will come some day when we are least looking for it, as the letter did that brought me the offer of the borough."

"But if it should not come, Gordon," Jane would sometimes venture to add, "what are we to do then?"

"Why, then, I must look about for something to turn to," he would answer. "It's impossible, with our connexions, but I must find something to do. By the bye, Jane, if the child proves to be a boy, we'll christen him James Massey Gordon, after Sir James Massey; he has great interest at the Horse Guards, and I've no doubt he'll do something for him."

It was a melancholy morning at the vicarage when the incumbent died. Nothing had been saved out of the stipend. Mrs Lister remained with the interest of her five thousand pounds, which, with her habits, was a very bare provision for herself; and but for the few hundreds Jane had brought her husband, the lately married couple would have been nearly penniless, with the burden of an infant to add to their cares. The effect of this extremity upon Gordon and his wife was, however, extremely different. He looked upon it as the crisis that must inevitably bring him something; his connexions could not tamely look on and see him and his wife and child starve. Perhaps they could not; but he left two things out of his calculation—the first was, that they did not see it, they only learnt their situation from his own representation, and affluent people are too much accustomed to these sort of representations, to be very much moved by them; and the next was, that the difficulty of providing for him had augmented with every year that it had been delayed. It would have been scarcely possible to have found in any book, black, red, or green, the something, not that would have suited him, but that he would have suited. A man who had reached the age of forty-five, and who had never done any thing in the world but sit with his mouth open expecting something to drop into it, was fit for nothing on earth but a sinecure; and although in the days of Massey Gordon sinecures were much more abundant than they are now, the supply was never equal to the demand, even in the best of times; and Jane clearly saw that her few hundred pounds, which was all they had to look to, would not hold out till the family came to their aid. With a calm and steady eye, therefore, she looked around her to see what was to be done. Had she had no child, she might, perhaps, with the naturally dependent feeling of a woman, have yielded to her husband's wishes, and waited the result of his applications, and the effects they might produce; but the sight of her infant—the maternal instinct—supplied her with intellect and energy to act.

In the village in which she had lived with her father resided an elderly man, called Deacon. He had formerly been a London tradesman, and had retired at the age of sixty to end his days in the enjoyment of rural felicity; and, contrary to the usual result of such experiments, the plan answered, and he was very happy. But he had always been a sensible, reflecting man, and he had not neglected, whilst he was accumulating the means of leisure, to fit himself for his enjoyment. He had cultivated his mind by reading, and had, by occasional recreations, kept up his taste for social intercourse and for country amusements. Major Irving had esteemed him and courted his acquaintance, and Jane thought she could not apply to a better person than Mr Deacon, to counsel her in her present emergency. "I am satisfied," she said, "that whatever is done must be done by myself. Mr Lister has always lived in so much ease and affluence, and has been brought up to such expectations, which, vague as they were, have always filled his mind, that I am certain he is incapable of any exertion at all commensurate with the exigency of our situation. I do not say that, knowing our need, his friends will not come to his assistance, if any thing should offer; but I am aware of the uncertainty and the difficulty; and with respect to pecuniary assistance, I believe they have no more money to spare than the rest of the world, and if they had, it would be very mortifying to be obliged to accept it. I would rather do any thing for myself—any thing in the world."

"But what can you do, my dear," said Mr Deacon, "that is consistent with your station? You cannot offer yourself as a governess, because you have a child and a husband, from whom you would not like to be separated."

"I must forget my station, if I cannot provide for my child otherwise," said Jane. "But I was thinking whether, with my little money, I might not set up a school."

"The wife of the member for S. keep a little country school!" said Mr Deacon.

"But I am persuading Gordon to resign his seat," said Jane. "It has cost him a great deal more than it has brought him, for his qualification was merely nominal; and he could no longer afford to live in London during the session, now that his father is dead, who supplied him with the means. But let us face

this school question boldly," said she. "Tell me what it would take to set me up in a respectable way."

"You must give me a little time to calculate," said Mr Deacon. "I will get all the information I can on the subject, and be prepared to answer your questions by your next visit."

Mr Lister was very unwilling to resign his seat, because, he said, as long as he kept it, and supported the government, he had a fair claim for expecting that they would do something for him. Perhaps Jane would not have vanquished his objections, had she not thought herself of representing, that the resignation of the seat, because he could not afford to keep it, would inevitably make a strong impression on his connexions, and might induce them to do something for him after all. This argument prevailed; Mr Lister yielded his assent, and Jane returned to Mr Deacon to learn his opinion of her project.

Although the old gentleman had a very good opinion of Jane, he had been at first almost afraid of encouraging her to risk her little all on the experiment; but the calm determination and good sense she exhibited, inspired him with confidence, and she found him not only prepared to advise her, but willing to act for her. He offered to find her a house, superintend its fitting up, and, in short, take charge of all the arrangements. "All you have to do," said he, "is to get pupils. Every thing shall be ready for you to commence after the next midsummer vacation."

And so it was: Mr Deacon managed every thing; made all the agreements, paid all the bills, and on the 1st of August, Jane opened her school with six scholars. Nothing could be better done. The house was pleasantly situated in the outskirts of the village of Y—, not too far for day-scholars; there was a nice little garden behind to serve for a playground; and nothing could be neater and more appropriate than the furniture and fittings up. Jane said she could not have believed that her money could have gone so far; she was sure Mr Deacon must understand the management of money better than any body. "I have had long experience, my dear," said the old man; "it is the trade I have been at all my life."

The major and his daughter had always been respected in Y—, and the exertion she was making for herself and her child interested every body for her. Mr Deacon had also a good many acquaintances amongst the respectable tradespeople of London, and his recommendation procured several pupils; so that, one way or another, Jane soon found herself with a very presentable school. Her husband lived with her, but he was of rather less use than an errand-boy might have been, because an errand-boy would have cleaned the knives and the shoes, and Massey Gordon Lister only walked into the town, with his hands in his pockets, and carried messages. However, he did no harm, except the harm of living on his wife's labour; for he was naturally well disposed, and was only a man lost by bad management; and when the child was old enough to leave the nurse's arms, he took a good deal the charge of it, and taught it its alphabet, which he owned, in a moment of confidence, to his wife, was the first useful thing he had ever done in his life. One day, however, when little James Massey Gordon grew old enough to play at soldiers, and talk of what he would do if he were a great general, she overheard his papa telling him, "that he had a relation who was a great general, and that he was called James Massey, like him; and that he hoped this great general would some day do something for little Jamesie;" whereupon Jane extracted a promise from her husband that he would never again, whilst he lived, mention to the child a word about his great relations. "They have done harm enough to one generation," said she—but she said it to Mr Deacon, not to her husband—"let us keep the next out of danger, if we can."

In this train things went on for some years; the school flourishing, little James growing and prospering, and understanding that he would have to make his own way in the world by dint of application, and the exertion of such talents as he had; and Mr Deacon ever kind and friendly, and ready to aid Jane in any way she needed; when, one day—one auspicious day, the poets would say—Massey Gordon, who had strolled to the village, as usual, with his hands in his pockets, to hear what was going on, read in the London journals that one of his honourable cousins was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He bought the paper, and hurried home to his wife. "I shall write to him by to-night's post," said he; "at all events, I am now certain of getting something."

We have said, and we believe, that if people could only wait long enough, every thing they desired would happen at last, sooner or later. But the period of life allotted to man does not seem to have been arranged with any reference to this consideration; and, accordingly, people who don't make haste, are apt to die before their ends are attained, or their work accomplished. What the Secretary for Foreign Affairs might have done at last, there is no telling; for on the day after the announcement of his taking office appeared, Massey Gordon Lister fell down in an apoplectic fit, and expired after a few hours' illness.

At all events, he did nothing for the widow; but Mr Deacon did. He was now a very old man, and he said he wanted somebody to take care of him; so he made Jane give up her school, and she and her boy went to live with him. They were his happy inmates

whilst his life lasted, and at his death they were his heirs—"for," said the old man, "I like to help those who are willing to help themselves."

FUNERALS AMONG THE RUSSIANS.

THE dead are very rarely alluded to in Russia; it is held as a sort of impropriety or breach of etiquette to advert to them. Such expressions as "my late husband," or "peace to his ashes," are seldom heard among the people of the far north. This does not prevent the Russians, however, from surrounding the last rites of mortality with every possible circumstance of pomp and luxury, and a host of imposing religious ceremonies, which show that they feel the loss of friends as keenly as other nations, though indisposed to name the departed in common converse.

Immediately after a decease, the Russians dress the body of the dead, place it in an open coffin, and expose it in a room suitably arranged for the purpose. They there kindle a great number of wax-tapers, which are kept burning night and day; and while the relatives take their station in turns by the side of the body, the whole of the friends and acquaintances of the deceased come in succession to pay a final visit to the lifeless remains. People of the most obscure condition, not less than those of the highest rank, receive these last visits, which it is held a special duty to pay. There died lately at St Petersburg a very old man, whose term of life dated from the first half of the past century. He had filled, during his career, many high offices of state. An immense crowd of old men presented themselves at the side of his remains, announcing themselves as friends, though for years the deceased had never seen them, or even pronounced their names. Thither came retired generals, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, had been fellow-cadets with the defunct at the military schools; others were seen there, who professed to have received great favours at his hands, in the time of Catherine; and others also appeared, who had shared his exile in the reign of Paul. All, in short, come forward on such occasions, who have the slightest claim to do so. The emperor himself, and the heir-apparent of the throne, are in the habit of visiting the state-beds of distinguished personages. In such circumstances, the poor do not fail to take their share in the ceremonial. They come to pour forth lamentations at the door of their benefactor, and abundant alms are distributed among them on the occasion. Even strangers sometimes appear to offer up a prayer by the side of the deceased, an image of a saint, suspended from the gate, indicating to all passers-by where and when a death has taken place.

The coffins in which children are laid, are made of a beautiful rose-colour. Young women, or girls, are placed in coffins of sky-blue tint; and women of advanced years are commonly laid in those of a violet colour. Black coffins are sometimes, but rarely, used for men; the common hue in such cases is brown. The poor content themselves with painting their coffins; the rich cover them with coloured stuffs, appropriate to the age and rank of the deceased. In other respects, black is the hue of mourning in Russia. The funeral car, the torch-bearers, and the priests, are all clothed in black. The pine is the northern cypress, the tree consecrated to mourning. The poor strew branches of it on the coffin; at the funerals of the rich, the whole route, between the house of the deceased and the cemetery, is strewn with pine-branches. Hence the streets of St Petersburg, through which funeral processions so often pass, are always covered more or less with melancholy tokens of this description.

The body lies ordinarily exposed for two or three days. Then the death-benediction is pronounced, and the dead receive their *passport* for the other world. This phrase is to be understood as literally correct. The priests draw up a long paper, containing the baptismal name and the dates of the birth and death of the deceased, with an attestation that he or she had undergone all the rites and ceremonies, first and last, of the Græco-Russian Church, or any other to which the party may have belonged. This paper is laid on the body of the deceased at the church or place of interment, whither the coffin is conveyed in a still open state, that, by the way, all who have known the defunct may take a final look at the cold remains. The lid is carried in front of the coffin. The funeral procession is always accompanied by torch-bearers, attired in black mantles and large flapped hats, and a number of friends are usually in attendance. Great pomp is displayed at the burials of the wealthy and titled. In front of the body is carried, separately, an image or representation, as splendid as possible, of each of the orders attained by the deceased; and, as the Russians of rank have usually many orders, this part of the procession forms in itself an imposing train. All persons who cross the path of a funeral procession uncover their heads and repeat a prayer for the dead; and such is their respect for the departed, that they will not replace their hats till the convey is out of sight. These last honours are paid to every one, no matter of what religious persuasion.

When the body arrives at the church, besides the placing of the passport on the chest, other ceremonies of a strange order are performed for the mission of the spirit on the last great journey. While the coffin is still open and the body exposed to the bystanders, the priests take each a taper in hand, with a piece of

gauze around it. They then surround the brow of the deceased with a fillet, ornamented with images of saints, and having religious sentences inscribed on it. They place in one of the hands a crucifix, and set down by the side of the coffin a platter with food. This dish of the dead is termed *koufia*, and consists of a kind of pudding, made of rice, honey, and raisins, with a cross of raisins decorating the exterior. The rich make this dish with sugar ornaments, and the clergy like to see it well made, as, after the ceremony, it falls to their share. The priests now chant the mass, and, at its close, the relatives of the deceased take a final parting ere the coffin be covered up. Each lifts and kisses the hand of the corpse, and it is common for the poor to utter pathetic exclamations at the same moment. Women may be present at funerals, and it is not unusual to hear a poor bereaved wife crying aloud, in a voice broken by sobs, "Alas! why hast thou abandoned me, dear husband! Was I not ever faithful and loving! Wilt thou come no more to caress thy poor little Feodor! Alas! alas!" In midst of such lamentations, the lid is screwed down, and the train slowly move from the church, where these rites have taken place, towards the cemetery.

When the coffin is lowered into the grave, every one present, in turn, throws in a portion of earth. At the funerals of people of high rank, when the metropolitan, or head of the church, officiates in person, small shovels of silver are the instruments used in this ceremony. At the tombs of the poor, rude Greek crosses are commonly erected; the rich raise monuments, in a great variety of forms, as in Britain and elsewhere. It is not customary for the common people to wear mourning in Russia. That practice is only prevalent among the higher orders. The Russians of rank are most particular in respect of mourning coaches and equipages. Lacqueys, coachmen, and postillions, are clothed in dresses of black cloth, edged with sable furs. The coach, seat, and horses, are all covered with black; not the space of a pin's head is left uncovered. In these carriages, the *grandes* pay visits, and travel, for some months after a family loss.

On the monuments of people of rank, the most remarkable feature is the exact and lengthened enumeration of all the honours and titles of the deceased. If an individual had received an order, care is especially taken to point out whether it was of the first class or second; and so on. It would almost appear as if the Russians imagined that these things would be of as much consequence in the life to come as in the present life. With the exception of the cemetery of the convent of Alexandre Newakij, and one or two others, devoted particularly to such monuments as those referred to, most of the Russian cemeteries resemble a desert. A succession of low mounds, headed by small crosses, stretches out before the eye, without a single tree or flower appearing to relieve the sameness of the view. In this respect, the Russians show a want of taste. Otherwise, they evince no deficiency of veneration for departed friends. Though refraining habitually from allusions to them in common conversation, the survivors, at least in the upper ranks, celebrate the birthdays of their lost relatives, going in troops to church, and repeating prayers for their souls, besides holding festival at home. The *koutia* ceremony is usually repeated on such occasions at church. Each member of the party eats a portion of the dish, and the rest is left to the priests.

Every cemetery, as may be observed from what has been said, has a church or chapel attached to it; and those most in estimation among the upper classes are the burial-grounds of convents, which often derive a large annual income from such appendages. The cemetery of Alexandre Newakij contains the finest monuments of any in the metropolis of Russia. Such powerful families as those of Waronow, Wolkowski, and Gallitzin, the last of which numbers among its members above three hundred living *princes*, have their monuments here piled in masses, almost one above another. But the cemetery has no such interest as that of Pere la Chaise, fine though some of the tombs are. There are few or no historical associations connected with even the most noted of the Russian cemeteries. But a few monuments are to be discovered, in the cemetery of Alexandre Newakij, of the age of Catherine II. One tomb, however, of a plain description, cannot be said to be without its share of interest. A marble tablet tells who rests there, in the simple words, "Here lies Suwarrow." He who never knew peace in life, nor allowed those around him to know it, has found quietude enough at last, in the cemetery of Alexandre Newakij.

NAPOLEON'S HABITS DURING A CAMPAIGN.

If in the course of a campaign he met a courier on the road, he generally stopped, got out of his carriage, and called Berthier or Caulaincourt, who sat down on the ground to write what the emperor dictated. Frequently then the officers around him were sent in different directions, so that hardly any remained in attendance on his person. When he expected some intelligence from his generals, and it was supposed that a battle was in contemplation, he was generally in the most anxious state of disquietude; and not unfrequently in the middle of the night called out aloud, "Call D'Albe (his principal secretary), let every one arise." He then began to work at one or two in the morning; having gone to bed the night before, according to his invariable custom, at nine

o'clock, as soon as he had dined. Three or four hours' sleep was all that he either allowed himself or required; during the campaign of 1813, there was only one night—that when he rested at Gorlitz, after the conclusion of the armistice—that he slept ten hours without waking. Often Caulaincourt or Duroc were up with him hard at work all night. On such occasions, his favourite Mameluke Rostan brought him frequently strong coffee, and he walked about from dark till sunrise, speaking and dictating without intermission in his apartment, which was always well lighted, wrapped up in his night-gown, with a silk handkerchief tied like a turban round his head. But these stretches were only made under the pressure of necessity; generally he retired to rest at eight or nine, and slept till two; then rose and dictated for a couple of hours; then rested, or more frequently meditated, for two hours alone; after which he dressed, and a warm bath prepared him for the labours of the succeeding day.

His travelling carriage was a perfect curiosity, and singularly characteristic of the prevailing temper of his disposition. It was divided into two unequal compartments, separated by a small low partition, on which the elbows could rest, while it prevented either from encroaching on the other; the smaller was for Berthier, the larger, the lion's share, for himself. The emperor could recline in a *dormeuse* in front of his seat; but no such accommodation was afforded to his companion. In the interior of the carriage were a number of drawers, of which Napoleon had the key, in which were placed dispatches not yet read, and a small library of books. A large lamp behind threw a bright light in the interior, so that he could read without intermission all night. He paid great attention to his portable library, and had prepared a list of duodecimo editions of about five hundred volumes, which he intended to be his constant travelling companions; but the disasters of the latter years of his reign prevented this design from being carried into complete execution.—*Atison's History of Europe.*

A VISIT TO STOKE-NEWINGTON, NEAR LONDON.

WE were lately induced to pay a visit to the village of Stoke-Newington, one of the pleasantest of those which surround the metropolis, and possessing accompaniments which may be said to place it above most in point of interest. Its High Street, as approached by the Kingsland Road from London, presents only the features of an ordinary country town; but there are things worth looking at immediately adjacent. Stamford Hill rises smartly from its termination country-ward, crowned by villas of the wealthy citizens; and at the foot of the hill lie the beautiful grounds of Abney-Park Cemetery. Church Street, leading off at right angles from the High Street, passes the front of the noble mansion which once belonged to Sir Thomas Abney, which, though not antique enough to wear an Elizabethan look, has all the solid, handsome, and withal picturesque air of that middle style, by which the Elizabethans descended into the modern domestic. The house fronts the cemetery on one side, and, having a large fore-court, or garden, it stands sufficiently back to be well seen by the passenger. Church Street contains several other good, substantial, mansion-like residences, more or less detached from the houses of comparatively recent construction, and plainly telling that they were erected when Stoke-Newington was a more rural village than at present. As it is, you have only to pass through these residences into their large, well-stocked gardens in rear, to taste pure country air, and become surrounded by all the glowing charms of English horticulture. Indeed, nearly all the gardens of the upper class of Newingtonians are remarkable for size, as well as for being cultivated into high productive beauty. Many of them stretch into pleasure-grounds—the paddock, the meadow, or the almost park, in which their owners, with proper pride in so much rurality, make their own hay, and feed the cows which supply their families with *cream* milk and *home-made* butter.

Church Street ends, appropriately, with the village church, on one side, and the rectory-house immediately opposite. Two structures are not often to be met with in better harmony with each other and with the character of a quiet village scene. And this was still more noticeable before the church was restored and enlarged, in the year 1829, by Mr Barry, though the alterations effected by that gentleman are evidences of his usual taste and judgment, being eminently conservative of the original style. The rectory is an antique, irregular, wooden building, with a low-browed, sunken porch, entered by a wicket. Within the porch are benches, designed probably for the accommodation of waiters upon the parson's charity or spiritual consolations, in the olden time. Approaching the sacred edifice, we are informed, by a date over the principal entrance, that the south aisle, containing that entrance, was built in 1563, or during the reign of Elizabeth; but the tower, and great part of the rest, however altered, must be considerably older. A tomb within, adjoining the pulpit, has kneeling figures in high relief of a man, his wife, and their daughter, with the words—"Obit 29th Decembris anno dni 1580." It also exhibits, in a series of compartments, Latin and English inscriptions, by which we are apprised that the whole is a memorial of Thomas Sutton, Esq., founder of the Charter-House, and Elizabeth his wife. The last inscription runs thus—"Several prelates and

other persons, educated at Charter-House School, the foundation of THOMAS SURTON, Esq., by their respectful contributions, caused this Tomb to be repaired, A.D. 1808." A mural tablet against the east end of one of the aisles, to "Ann Frohock," who, it seems, died in 1764, has an inscription in quite another style, recording that this lady was "the best of *Wife's* and of *Woman*." In the churchyard is a much more interesting table-tomb, the superscription of which, though it begins to want the labours of some Old Mortality, reminds us that we are on classic ground at Stoke-Newington, the remains within being those of John Aikin, M.D., whose many useful works have given him a respectable place amongst the literary men of the last age. Dr Aikin, and his sister, the celebrated Mrs Barbauld, were for many years inhabitants of Stoke-Newington. The venerable lady lived opposite to her brother (in Church Street), in a house now a grocer's: and she, too, reposes in this tomb, though there is no notification of the fact upon it.

If we continue our walk in the line of Church Street, we shall be accompanied ere long, on our right, by the gently flowing stream of the New River, which here ornaments the fine park-like grounds attached to a handsome seat, that of the late William Crawshaw, Esq. This gentleman was an iron-master, and died in 1834, possessed, as the newspapers said at the time, of "almost measureless wealth." As winding as it is gentle, the river, a little farther on, becomes no mean addition to the beauty of the trim gardens of a number of houses, none of which have the pretension of Mr Crawshaw's, but which are all good, and several of them something more. Altogether, this is one of the finest spots about the village, the Crawshaw estate alone forming a beautiful object, and the intersecting disposition of the river, gardens, and residences, having a very pleasing effect. This district ends at a cross-road, called the "Green Lanes"; and the Green Lanes also terminating the village, we return to the church, as to a point whence to seek what else may be noteworthy.

Let us look for that true old English adjunct to the rural church, yeelp "the church path." Here it lies, and of the old comfortable, and, as we presume, legal width, bending towards the grave-yard from two opposite directions. If we take the northward bend, we shall shortly find ourselves in a colonnade of antique trees, called, from a tradition of unknown origin, "Queen Elizabeth's Walk." Emerging from them, the "path" takes its way among some of the best Middlesex verdure (and there is none better) to an elevated site, known as Woodbury Down, whereon the New River Company have cut two reservoirs, fed by their own river, either of which might be reckoned no contemptible lake. They are truly noble sheets of water, and their inspection will give a characteristic idea of the immense works, in other localities north of the "head," which have been carried into effect by this rich and beneficial company.

The "church path" southward seems to have been specially intended to conduct churchward the steps of an almost distinct village, about half a mile distant, called Newington-Green. It led from the Green through the pleasantest fields, until within these twenty years, when the building furor began to trench upon its precincts, and has actually now crossed it by a road, styled the "Albion Road," and forming the carriage approach to Church Street. The road is really a pretty road; it winds pleasantly along, and it has some neat houses by its sides. But then it is a road, and it cuts up the old "church path," and it has spoilt all the quiet of the fields, and brought London nearer to Stoke-Newington by fifty miles than ever it was before.

Making the best of what all ruralist pedestrians like us must deem a bad change, we pursue our way by the sober old "path," till it brings us to the very Green. How calm it looks! how gentle, and how peaceful!—yet a little dull. Can we be, as the milestone on one side of the central enclosure informs us, only two miles from the great Babel, even now roaring forth its million sounds—London! Why, there is many a village-green, two hundred miles from the metropolis, that is all alive in comparison with it. Those high old houses in the shade of the west side, from over and between which, and the trees in their front, the descending sun sends yellow streams upon the grass, seem nodding to their evening repose; and the windows of their opposite neighbours twinkle, like sleepy eyes in the light, as if about to follow their example. Facing where we stand, some equally dreamy-looking buildings peer at us from the south, through the poplar row before them; and here, on the north, whence we are making our survey, there is nothing that looks wider awake. By our side, however, is the old Presbyterian chapel—for Stoke Newington, be it remarked, is an old stronghold of the dissenters, and the place where Defoe was educated, and where some of the most eminent of the dissenting divines have ministered. The building is a square one, of sombre style, between one and two centuries old, but bearing the marks of some recent repairs on an extensive scale.

Built, probably, for the accommodation of a small nonconformist neighbourhood, chiefly residing on the Green, when nonconformity was more rife and churches more rare than at present, the change of times has not so subtracted from the zeal of the existing congregation, as to prevent their "repairing and beautifying," very decorously, and in some respects even handsomely. The series of its ministering clergy includes

the names of Dr Price, Dr Towers, Dr Amory, Hugh Worthington, and Rochemont Barbauld, husband of the literary lady who lies in the churchyard. And here, though not in the churchyard, is an inscription in honour of that lady; and another, commemorative of Dr Price, both which have been placed since the completion of the late alterations. They are each on a chaste marble tablet (Dr Price's may make some just claims to elegance); and the language of neither is of the "Ann Frohock" order.

The evening was closing in when we left the chapel; the Green lay in almost solemn shade; we had seen all pointed out to us as worth seeing at Stoke-Newington; and we hastened back to London by the then nearest road, namely, that through the town of Islington.

PRACTICAL MEN.

THE common reliance on the testimony of this class of witnesses is founded upon an assumption, that those who have been long engaged in a particular pursuit must necessarily have obtained, or at least are most likely to possess, the whole of the existing knowledge relative to that pursuit, and must, therefore, be the most competent to form a correct estimate of it, in all its bearings. This assumption of completeness of information, as predicated of the whole class of practical men, is untenable. By nothing are they so much distinguished as by their indifference to the progress and result of any investigations which may be carried on relative to that pursuit, and to the utility of any new facts that may be elicited with respect to it.

Ask the practical agriculturist, the practical merchant, or the practical tradesman, about any book relating to his avocation, which furnishes new facts or presents the old facts in better method and order for practical purposes, and you will find him equally ignorant and careless on the subject. It will be found, in the great majority of cases, that, the routine of practical men being given, you have the whole of their information relative to their avocations. To their indifference to the reception of any new facts, and the consequent incompleteness of their information for any practical purpose, may be added their incompetency to weigh evidence, free from the bias, in most cases, of direct monied interest; and in nearly all cases, of the interest arising from the loss of reputation which would be incurred by acknowledging that others were in possession of superior information, or were capable of making a better application than themselves of the information already possessed: while all experience proves that even the interest occasioned by the disinclination to change old habits is of itself sufficient to counteract a considerable monied interest, when that interest is not immediate and obvious to the senses. "The great bulk of mankind," observes Paley, "act more from habit than reflection;" and most especially must this be the case during the prevalence of systems of education which perform by the memory alone, all which the memory alone can be made to perform—which teach every thing by rote, nothing by reference to first principles. Under the evil influence of the habit of parrot, which is acquired under a common education, almost every person is taught his avocation according to fixed rules, and is made to believe that the existing practice, whatever it be, is the best possible. Before he has time to form an opinion for himself, the associations and belief chosen for him by others become so strongly impressed on his mind by habit, as in a great measure to destroy his power of forming, or even of entertaining, any new combinations on the subject. Hence, perhaps, it is that the most important improvements in the arts and sciences have been made, not by the "regularly-educated practical men," but by persons trained up to other pursuits. The greatest improvements in agriculture have been made by persons bred up in cities. The best laws are made by persons who are not practical lawyers. The same causes will, perhaps, account for the circumstance so frequently observed, that whenever a man of superior mind arises, the last thing benefited by the exercise of his powers of invention will be the pursuit to which he was "regularly educated." We have heard of a practical man who, on hearing that in Holland no distinction was made between real and personal property, expressed his extreme surprise at such deplorable barbarism, and wondered how society could hold together without such a classification. He could form no conception of a state of things, in which the secure possession of an estate could be conveyed with as little expense or trouble as the least important article in daily use. Such a "practical man" is about as competent to judge of the work of codification, or the substitution of any well-systematised body of laws for the incongruous jumble in the administration of which he is practised, as a well-practised hackney-coachman or chairman would, from his practice, be fitted to judge of a comprehensive plan of direct and convenient streets, devised by a Sir Christopher Wren for the rebuilding of an old, ill-built, confused city, or even part of a city, with the obscure turns of which, its barbarous names, and the slang and usages of the frequenters, the said practical men were familiar. Such men are useful, and often meritorious, in their proper places, which are neither in the legislature, nor, we make bold to say, on the bench. Such men may suggest the straightening of an awkward turn, the stopping up of a hole in which they are themselves jolted, or the removal of a wall against which they run their own heads; but the formation of new, plain, and direct roads, and especially

any great convenience or magnificent simplicity of combinations, are as much beyond their comprehensions as they are foreign to their habits. From such minds, comprehensive legislation or decisions upon enlarged principles, never did and never will proceed. Other similar illustrations will present themselves to every observing person in almost every field of art or science, and not the least frequently in the fields of practical statesmanship. How rarely is it that the official or practical legislator condescends, in dealing with the subject-matter of any legislation in England, to consult the experience even of another of the United Kingdoms, much less the experience of any of the European nations, on the same subject! When do we see any of the masterpieces of foreign legislation referred to in our parliament, although they would afford the most valuable instruction! The report, for example, of Michel St Fargeau, on the Penal Code, presented to the Constituent Assembly in 1791, and even the debate which then ensued upon it, may be submitted as a contrast to every state paper, and to the display of knowledge made on the same subject, during any session of the English parliament, from the same period to the present day. The legislation of the great majority of our rulers, who lift their heads aloft above instruction—who praise their own groping in the dark under the name of practice, and abuse as "theory and speculation" all attempts to act upon extended knowledge and foresight—is a scene of continual fumbling and botches; of amendments upon amendments, often producing new evils, and aggravating the evils which they were intended to remedy. The legislation upon prison discipline, upon secondary punishments, and upon "the licensing systems," might be adduced in illustration of the assertion.

Whilst some "practical men" adhere closely to their evidence, and coincide with the sound theorist in eschewing the wild hypotheses, or hasty generalisations, mis-called theories, and nevertheless appreciate the conclusions obtained by diligent investigation and the sagacious comparison of a variety of phenomena; it is to be observed of the greater part of those empirical persons who laud themselves as practical, that they are of all others the most infected with rash and baseless speculations. If our space permitted, we could give many illustrations of the truth of the remark of Dugald Stewart, "that the simplest narrative of the most illiterate observer involves more or less of hypothesis; nay, that in general it will be found, that in proportion to his ignorance the greater is the number of conjectural principles involved in his statements." As, he observes, "a village apothecary (and if possible, in a still greater degree, an experienced nurse) is seldom able to describe the plainest case without employing a phraseology of which every word is a theory [or an hypothesis], whereas a simple and genuine specification of the phenomena which mark a particular disease—a specification unsophisticated by fancy or preconceived opinions, may be regarded as unequivocal evidence of a mind trained by long and successful study to the most difficult of all arts, that of the faithful interpretation of nature."

On the whole, it may be laid down as a general rule, that, unless the mind of a practical man has been trained to habits of generalising beyond the details of his profession, his conclusion as to the effect of any extensive change in his practice is less to be relied upon than that of any other man of equal general intelligence, to whose mind the same facts are presented, and who gives them an equal degree of consideration.—*Westminster Review*, 1828.

THE ORIGINAL OF "BLUE-BEARD."

MR ADOLPHUS TACLOFFE, in his work entitled, "A Summer in Western France," states, that on the way from Angers to Nantes, he fell in with the ruins of the Chateau of Chantocé, famous, or infamous rather, as the residence of one of the most execrable monsters who ever disgraced humanity, and the scene of his atrocities.

"This was no other than Gilles de Laval, Marechal de Retz, whose revolting abominations having been mixed up by the shuddering peasants with supernatural horrors, have obtained for him, under the nickname of Blue-Beard, an universal notoriety of a lighter kind than the reality of his crimes deserved. Gilles de Laval, Lord of Retz, of Briolay, of Chantocé, of Ingrandes, of Loroux-Bottreau, of Blaison, of Chemellier, of Gratecuisse, of Fontaine-Milon, in Anjou, and of many other baronies and lordships in Brittany and other parts of the kingdom, was one of the richest men of his day in the time of Charles VII. He became master of all this enormous property at the age of twenty, and, by the most prodigal and absurd extravagance, dissipated nearly the whole of it. Among other traits of his profuse expenditure, the establishment of his chapel has been recorded. It was composed of a *bishop*, as he insisted upon calling his principal chaplain, a dean, a chanter, two archdeacons, four vicars, a schoolmaster, twelve chaplains, and eight choristers. All these followed in his suite wherever he travelled. Each one of them had his horse and his servant; they were all dressed in robes of scarlet and furs, and had rich appointments. Chandeliers, censers, crosses, sacred vessels in great quantity, and all of gold and silver, were transported with them, together, says the historian, with many organs, each carried by six men. He was exceedingly anxious that all the priests of his chapel should be entitled to wear the mitre, and he sent many embassies to Rome

to obtain this privilege, but without success. These were the follies of his youth; and it would have been well if he had left behind him only the remembrance of similar absurdities. But these and many other equally ridiculous extravagances soon began to make serious inroads into his property, enormous as it was.

He took into his pay a certain physician of Poitou, and a Florentine named Prelati, who pretended to be in communication with the devil, and to be able to recruit his exhausted treasures by supernatural means. These scoundrels found means to make him believe that the devil appeared to him, and persuaded him to sign an agreement with his satanic majesty in due form.

Raising the devil may, in the nineteenth century, be laughed at as a harmless absurdity, involving no very heinous degree of criminality. But that is very far from harmless which renders a man criminal in his own eyes. Gilles de Laval conceived himself to have committed the blackest sin of which man could be guilty, and the real moral degradation which ensued from it was proportioned to his own estimate of the offence. No crime was henceforward monstrous enough to make him hesitate in his course; and the recorded series of his atrocities is probably unequalled in the annals of human depravity. With a revolting vampire-like selfishness, more detestable than any ordinary object of murder, he caused the handsomest and finest children of either sex throughout his domains to be seized and put to death within these walls of Chantocé, in order to form a bath of their blood, in the belief that it would preserve his own loathsome life and vigour. In vain, through the wide extent of his lands and villages, rose one universal voice of lament and execration from the wretched peasantry obliged to furnish this fearful tribute, which realised the most horrible fictions of pagan antiquity. Already more than a hundred victims had perished, and the feeble, ill-organised justice of the period was paralysed by the rank, the power, and vast possessions of the monster. At last, however, the universal voice of the country became too loud to be disregarded; and, little as the men of that day were accustomed to be shocked by ordinary crimes of violence and blood, the wretch's life became too revolting to be tolerated by them; and had not the constituted authorities at length interfered, he would have been exterminated as a noxious reptile by the tardily excited violence of popular indignation. He was seized by the orders of the Bishop of Nantes and the Seneschal of Rennes; and after a trial, during which revelations of wickedness and barbarity almost incredible, continued through many years, were substantiated against him, he was condemned to be burned alive in the meadows before Nantes. And this sentence was executed there on the 23d of December in the year 1440. The culprit is recorded to have presented himself before the tribunal with the utmost haughtiness and disdain, and replied to their interrogatories that he had committed crimes enough to condemn to death ten thousand men. So lived and died Gilles de Laval, the veritable original of the redoubtable bloody Blue-Beard; and the ugly ruins of his blood-defiled castle of Chantocé seem to remain yet standing solely to perpetuate the memory of his infamy and ignominious name."

HIGHLAND DROVERS.

[From the description of the engraving of Landseer's picture of "Drovers departing for the South."]

THE hills and vales of the interior Highlands, which in rougher times sent out, under a Graham or a Cameron, bands of armed men, now, in the season, pour forth the herds of cattle which they rear to the eager markets of England, where a savoury mouthful is ever welcome. The cattle which form the drove are gathered together on a set day, and at an appointed place—the foot of a mountain, the side of a lake, or near a castle, or in the neighbourhood of a village, or, more likely still, a battlefield: herdsmen are selected to conduct the different portions into which the drove is divided, while over all a confidential person, a sort of chief, *topman*, as he is called in the Lowlands, presides, who directs all the movements, makes all the bargains, and is responsible to the owners for the profits.

This person, the *topman*, gives the order—a signal generally when to move or to halt: he is always busy, now in the front, and then in the rear, and is consulted by his subordinates in all difficulties. He knows the safest roads over the wildest tracks; Shapell is as well known to him as Shehallion; he prefers the greensward way, which is pleasant to the hoofs of his charge and affords them a mouthful, to the hard and dusty public road, which distresses the feet of his cattle, and has little in the way of food. English parties on their way to the north, to look at the wild deer and wild hills, and trace the scenes of Scott or of Ossian, are often startled by a drove emerging from a glen or rounding the base of a mountain, coming lowering along, urged or directed by their drivers, who, with wallet on back and staff in hand, are conducting them to the south.

These *topmen* are now generally paid for their labour and trust; but in days not yet distant, the Highland proprietor accompanied his drove to the south, and with his profit in his sporran, returned to his mountains. It is said that one of these dealers, while on his way back to the Border, was joined on the high road by a well-dressed and civil gentleman, who, while he talked of the martial spirit of the Highlanders, wondered how they dared to traverse the land with so much English gold in their pockets. "Yes," replied the Highlander, "but if we have English gold in the sporran, we have

Scottish steel in the sheath; and," touching the hilt of his sword as he spoke, "with Andrea Ferrara here, and Bran there," nodding to a strong, fierce wolf-hound beside him, "I am afraid of no highwayman in the land." "What!" exclaimed the other, "and is your sword a real Ferrara!—such blades are scarce." "You shall judge, sir," said the Highlander, unsheathing his sword, and pointing to the maker's name and the date. "It is as you say," replied the other, and poised it in his hand, like a man about to weigh the weapon, rather than admire it. "Take it by the hilt, man," said the Scot, sharply; "there's a right end and a wrong in all things." The Englishman seized it by the hilt, took a sudden stride forward, and striking the head from poor Bran, turned on the other, and said, "Your money or your life—you see that even a Highlander may be matched." The Highlander saw refusal was death, and resistance hopeless; and delivering up his sporran, said, "Who will believe it in Breadalbane, that with such a good dog, and such an arm at the sword, an English footpad robbed me?" "Oh! rest you easy on that head," said the robber sarcastically, "for I have foiled better men than you; besides, I intend to bestow a token on you, to show that you were robbed by main force. Lay down your right hand on that tree stump." Hope dawned at this on the Highlander: he laid his right arm on the old stump, but watching the eye of the other, withdrew it suddenly as the sword descended, and, while the blade sunk deep in the wood, seized his adversary by the throat, threw him with violence on the ground, and clapping his dirk to his bosom, had him at his mercy. Having bound him hard and fast, the Highlander regained his sword, retook his sporran, and gave up the highwayman to the law of the land, which speedily helped him to a halter and gibbet; for he was a noted robber, and had long been the terror of the district.

THE SPANIARD AND HIS SLAVES.

[From Merivale's Lectures on Colonies.]

UNHAPPILY, or rather, I ought to say, by a just and striking retribution, the moral and social condition of this thriving island (Cuba) seem to have declined, under the influence of slavery and its consequences, with the same rapidity with which its wealth has advanced. At the beginning of this century the Spaniards of the West Indies were accused, with justice, of indolence, and enjoyed in some respects an inferior civilisation to that of their neighbours. But, on the other hand, the steadier habits and greater repose of the old Castilian genius contrasted favourably with the eager, jealous, money-making character of the motley adventurers who constituted too large a proportion of the West Indian population subject to England, France, and Holland. These were a people whom no ties seemed to bind to the land of their adoption; the home of whose recollections was in their native countries; whose only object was the rapid attainment of wealth, in order, if possible, to return there. The Spaniards were permanent inhabitants; they maintained, in each colony, the habits of a fixed, social, and organised population, with distinction of ranks and regular institutions. There are even now thirty grandees of Spain among the resident proprietors of Cuba.

As there was but little profit to be obtained out of the labour of the slave, so his condition was generally easy, and the conduct of his master towards him was humane and considerate. The laws of Spain encouraged this tendency, beyond those of all other nations. Instead of being an outcast from the benefits of law and religion, he was peculiarly under the protection of both. The four rights of the slave, as they are emphatically termed in Spanish legislation, have been uniformly respected in theory, and generally in practice: these are—the right of marriage, the right to compel a master guilty of illegal severity towards a slave to sell him to another, the right to purchase his own emancipation, and to acquire property. The sentiments of the Spaniards towards their enslaved dependants were much modified, in the course of centuries, by the wholesome spirit of their laws; and it may perhaps be added, that if the Spanish character, under the excitement of the spirit of revenge, fanaticism, or avarice, be capable of atrocities from which the civilised mind shrinks with abhorrence, there is about it, in the commonality as well as the higher orders, when uninfamed by passion, a sense of dignity, an habitual self-respect, evincing itself in courtesy to equals, and forbearance towards inferiors, of which nations of more practical but more vulgar habits of mind, afford but rare examples.

But the progress of wealth and of the slave-trade have rapidly changed the moral aspect of these communities. From being the most humane among all European slave-owners, the Spanish colonists have become the most barbarous and utterly demoralised. This is a painful fact, of which the evidence is too abundant and too notorious to admit even of a suspicion of exaggeration. The sugar plantations of Cuba are now almost entirely wrought by means of the slave-trade; that is, as we shall see when we come to examine this part of the subject more closely, they are wrought at an enormous profit, purchased by an enormous expenditure of life, replaced by perpetual recruits, and the humane provisions of the law itself are turned against the imported slave. For, as the trade is forbidden by law, the *bozals*, as the African negroes are called, are considered in the light of contraband articles, of which the possession and use are winked at, not recognised by the authorities. They are thus entirely without pro-

tection, which they stand more in need of than any other class of the slaves. Nothing can be more horrible than the condition of these wretches in the inland plantations of the island, where the average duration of the life of a slave is said not to exceed ten years; in Barbadoes, in the worst period of English slavery, it was rated at sixteen. Sir Fowell Buxton believes that 60,000 slaves are annually imported into that and the other Spanish colonies. The boasted humanity of the Spanish planter has scarcely left any traces, except, it is said, in the treatment of domestic slaves. But even this is far worse than formerly; and the whites of Cuba have occasionally resorted to the expedient of arming the *bozals* as a kind of Mameluke guard, to defend themselves against the dreaded hostility of the native coloured population.

PIGEON EXPRESSES.

The modern system of pigeon expresses possesses an extraordinary interest, as well on account of its rapid means of communicating the most important events, as of the curious and laborious mode by which it is set in operation. The birds by far the most valuable for this purpose are of the Antwerp breed, although it is not uncommon to train the English pigeons, called dragons, to carry expresses. They are trained when very young, or, as they are technically called, "squeakers," to fly between different towns and villages, commencing first at a space of only a few hundred yards, and so on, gradually increasing until they accomplish the required distance. They are usually trained to fly to intermediate stations between Dover and London, at which they are succeeded by other relays, but fly, in many instances, the whole distance from other places. The number lost in training is immense. The trade is principally in the hands of the Jews, and the emoluments arising therefrom are very considerable. There are a few instances in which capitalists and others having extensive moneyed and mercantile operations throughout Europe, maintain an establishment of their own, amongst whom is the Baron Rothschild, who at Dover rears and trains his own flight of pigeon expresses, with connecting branches throughout Germany and other parts of the continent. The establishment at Dover consists of about 400 birds, with a keeper, whose wages are 35s. a-week. The expense of feeding the birds is considerable—as much as 25s. a-week being consumed in Dover in beans alone, whilst the entire collection is supposed to have cost at least L.2000. The express is sometimes tied to the middle feather of the tail, by passing a thread with a needle through the stem, but more commonly attached to the leg, immediately above the spur. The rapidity of these important expresses may be estimated by the following information obtained from a trainer and proprietor. His pigeons have arrived in London with news of the winner of the Ascot cup in 15 minutes; from the Newmarket in 60 minutes; and from Chichester, bringing the winner of the Goodwood cup, 1 hour, 15 minutes. At Ascot races last year, her majesty having expressed a wish to see one of these beautiful birds, a carrier pigeon was flown in her majesty's presence from the royal stand; and to the great delight of the spectators, after indulging in sundry gyrations, darted onwards with its winged intelligence to the metropolis.—From a newspaper.

VARIETY OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURES.

I am more impressed with the wealth and resources of England since I left it; but I am less surprised at them. The compass of this Portuguese vessel was made at Wapping; the quadrant in Holborn; the knives are stamped "shear steel;" the bell for the watch, and the iron of the windlass, are from an English foundry; the captain uses an English watch, and calculates by John Hamilton Moore's "Seaman's Complete Daily Assistant;" "Sailmaker" is stamped on one of the sails, and the passengers are dressed in Manchester prints or Leeds cloth. Everywhere it is the same; you meet in the solitary mountain paths of these almost unknown islands, a pedlar with two square boxes slung on each side of his ass, and see him in the villages tempting the women with the bright handkerchiefs and gay prints from Manchester. In the obscurest village, the neat blue-paper needle-case from Birmingham hangs from a string at a cottage doorway, to tell that English needles are sold within; and in crossing in an open boat between two of the remotest islands, Flores and Corvo, an English sailmaker's name and residence were printed legibly on the sail. V—tells me that the other evening he had just landed in a fishing hamlet—a lonely place at the mouth of a deep ravine which parts two gloomy mountain ridges, when his reveries were disturbed by a fellow-passenger, who, having caught sight of some village girls, suddenly exclaimed, "Look, these are all my prints!"—Residence in the Azores.

LITERARY PUBLICATIONS.

On a recent investigation into the affairs of an extensive publishing concern, it was found that of 130 works published by it in a given time, 50 had not paid their expenses. Out of the 80 that did pay, 13 only arrived at a second edition; but in most instances these second editions had not been profitable. In general, it has been estimated that of the books published, a fourth do not pay their expenses, and that only one in eight or ten can be reprinted with advantage. With respect to pamphlets, it has been affirmed that not one in fifty pays the expenses of its publication.

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